

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

THE STORY OF ANNUAL MEETING.

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

Faith and Works Win —

VOL. XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

NO. II.

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MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

VOL. XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

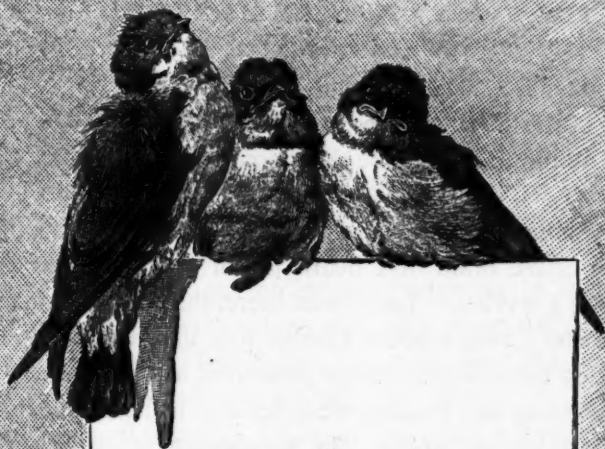
No. 11

A Little Word to the Wise.

Be true to the best within you. Ally yourself with the best above and about you. Do not bend, even upon occasion or for a moment, to the lower self or the lower life. Remember that your inheritance is from God; that divine and eternal forces are on the side of truth and righteousness, and that when you are in their currents there is no possibility of drifting or of going in the wrong direction. Forget neither that your feet are upon the earth, nor that your kingdom is of heaven. Environments may be limited, but your father has infinite resources from which you may draw. There are no walls through which prayer and sympathy may not pass. God is here. Your "neighbor" is at the door and across the sea. Your friends have faith in you. Therefore, keep heart, work well, serve faithfully, love reverently, pray without ceasing; and rejoice in the good, expect the better, strive for the best.

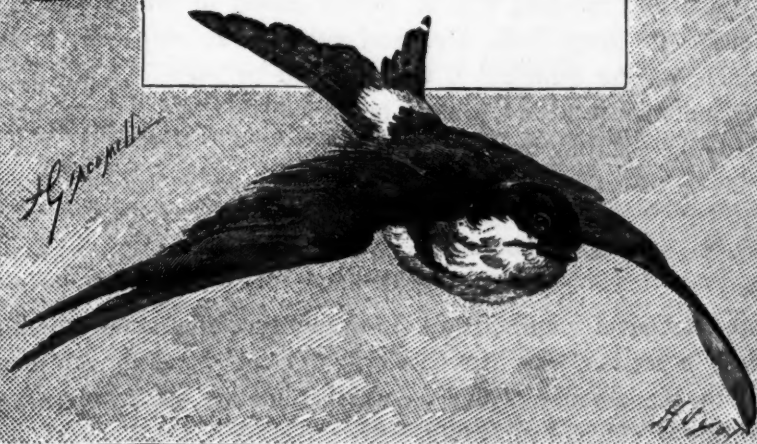
Hopestill Farnham.

Working Notes.—Is not November unduly maligned in being so frequently referred to as the "melancholy month"? Think, rather, of the scarlet leaf, and delicious Indian summer; and, later, of Thanksgiving, always suggestive of cheer and hospitality, of plentiful supplies and upwelling praise. "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining." God is good, and for all his mercies we give him heart-warm gratitude during this thanksgiving month. . . . Hearty congratulations to Minnesota for having won the silver necklet! . . . The women of Maine are doing nobly. Their annual meeting was admirably conducted, and the reports showed that much work has been accomplished in the past twelve months. Mrs. George is an enthusiast in the Cradle-Roll department. She gave an inspiring address on the enrolment of Little Light-Bearers. . . . The members of the Portland auxiliary have a printed calendar for 1901 which is most attractive. The meetings are to be held at the homes of the members, with exception of the public and annual meetings. The topics are varied and suggestive. A five minute map exercise on India and a short biographical sketch of one of our missionaries will be features of each meeting. . . . The women of Vermont lovingly call Dr. Shirley Smith "our adopted daughter." Dr. Mary Bachele writes, "Dr. Smith's short visit was a great pleasure to me. May the dear Lord guide and guard her all the way. She goes to a delightful work, and I think she will be happy in it. . . . Let us pray especially, just now, for our outgoing missionaries, Dr. Smith and Rev. and Mrs. Murphy. . . . "The Cycle of Prayer," a booklet prepared by the young people's society, is a beautiful little reminder of daily duty, and should be in every home. . . . Note the appeal from Harper's Ferry. . . . O for more reports like the one from Indiana! . . . Please read the explanation, to appear in the editor's report in December, why it was impossible to announce the topics for 1901 earlier. . . . Agents and friends of the HELPER will surely call attention to the publisher's offer to new subscribers of the magazine for fourteen months for fifty cents. . . . Our sanctum, though "far from the madding crowd," does not lack visitors representing many States. Recently, Mrs. Teeple of Michigan, who designed the beautiful silk quilt presented to Miss DeMeritte, made the HELPER editorial room a flying visit. The friend who was with her subscribed for the magazine. The "Conquest Missionary Library" was the result of a call from a Rhode Island reader. A New York sunshine worker, while overlooking the library, said that her society would like to be represented also, and asked what books are most needed. A young woman from Minnesota subscribed for an extra copy of the magazine to be sent to a shut-in. Thus we have helpful reminders of friends who are far away. . . . Miss Barnes writes, under date of Aug. 7, "Rachel Das, our dear Rachel, expects to be married soon. I am going in to the wedding."



We heard a song in autumn
From fields of yellow grain,
From trees with fruit o'erladen,
For which the earth is fain.
From streams like molten silver
That glided to the sea,
From southward flight of swallows,
And droning of the bee,
From forests gold and crimson
That flamed upon the hills—
To God a glad thanksgiving,
Who all our hopes fulfills.

—Vienna G. Ramsey.



THE STORY OF ANNUAL MEETING.

BY R. M. F. BUZZELL.

TIME: Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1900.

Place: Parlors of the F. B. church, Haverhill, Mass.

Environment: Without, a veritable downpour of rain; within, warmth, comfort, welcome.

Despite the inclemency of the weather, they were there, a band of women loyal and true, with active brain and hearts full of longing to do the best work possible in the Master's service. Yes, it was there, that board of managers of the F. B. W. M. S., but alas! twelve hours late, or was that a typographical error in the call of our beloved recording secretary published in the *Morning Star*?

Wednesday afternoon and evening were devoted to board meetings, to which we "lesser lights" are always welcomed; and permit me to say, right here, to the dear women, if you wish more general information, which must result in genuine interest, embrace every opportunity to attend the business meetings of our missionary society. For illustration, until recently, when we as a nation have been unusually beset by "wars and rumors of war," to many of us a battleship was a thing remote, simply an impression upon our minds, produced by sketches read, and magazines illustrated. But two years ago, when opportunity permitted an inspection of the fleets of warships in our harbors, fancy became form; but it was not until we went down into the hold of the *Brooklyn*, and grasped somewhat its working power, that a warship became to us, as to Kipling, almost a living creature. Ditto, F. B. W. M. S.

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, and Michigan were well represented, but Maine, as ever, was true to her motto, "Dirigo." Thursday morning a quiet, restful season of prayer was conducted by Mrs. Cousins of Steep Falls, Me., and although accompanied by a megaphonic "tinkle on the shingle," it was good to be there. With the beautiful flowers so bountifully provided smiling before us, this cheering refrain, with its tender melody, kept flitting through the mind:

"Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the songbirds dwell;
Hush, then, thy sad repining,
God lives; and all is well."

At 9.45 the gavel sounded, and the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the W. M. S. was in session, with Mrs. Davis in the chair, and though much regret was caused by the absence of our recording secretary, Mrs. Metcalf, yet Miss Deering proved an efficient substitute.

The report by the New England secretary was cheery and betokened bright

hopes for the future, and was followed by an invigorating breeze from the West, which should have cleared the clouded sky, but it did not.

Universal interest always centers around the children's work, and reports came from East and West. The resignation of Mrs. Roberts, secretary of Cradle-Roll, causes much regret, and not a little anxiety for the work. This department has a strong appeal for the mother-heart, and promises to do much toward inciting interest, not only in the development of the Little Light-Bearer, but also his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts.

Report of committee on resolutions pertaining to the HELPER, children's work, systematic missionary reading, etc., was presented by Mrs. Porter. More organization was a plea of the hour. On consulting the program, our treasurer found no place assigned for her report. We wonder if the program committee thought this unnecessary, that "Tommy will find a way." However that may be, Miss DeMeritte did find a way to give us a live report in which "Trust in God but keep your powder dry" seemed to be the motto. The publisher of the MISSIONARY HELPER, in her usual manner, gave us something to think about. Circumstances defrauded us of the presence of our editor, but her report, read by her sister, Mrs. Batchelder, seemed a part of herself, which is commendation enough.

At 2.00 P. M. came the address of our hostess, Mrs. Page, consisting of a short historical sketch of the Haverhill auxiliary, and a most cordial welcome supplemented by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Remick, who kindly assured us that they were not "weeping Jeremiahs" at our coming, although the weather might seem to indicate it. Mrs. Churchill of New Hampshire most gracefully responded. Mrs. Avery then presented a general review of the field in India, words of cheer from foreign missionaries, also tender reference to "Auntie Bachelor" to which all hearts responded.

Thursday evening was anticipated and enjoyed. The church quartet contributed inspiring music, the bass solo of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," being admirably rendered. Our president's address was something of which to be proud, something worthy of a careful review; and as we sat listening to its broad outlook and progressive plans for the work, the thought came, do we fully comprehend and appreciate the noble woman whom God has given us for our leader? Long may she stay with us!

The address of Dr. Smith, our missionary-elect for India, was naturally of great interest to all present. When the life sketch of Dr. Shirley Holmes Smith was published in the HELPER, the thought would arise, Poor Shirley! you have a hard job to meet the expectations which this sketch encourages, but she proved equal to the occasion. As she stood before us she knew she was being

measured, tenderly, lovingly, perhaps, but *measured* by her listeners; yet she did not flinch. Calmly, grandly she stood, showing by her glowing words of eloquence that her mind's picture of the life of a missionary was not that of being "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease." Neither did she pose as a martyr, but looked a noble specimen of womanhood consecrated to the Master's service. The heart cries out in tender love and sympathy, pleading that she may be spared to do the work for which she seems so eminently fitted, both mentally and spiritually. May we pray for this end. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

The awarding of the silver necklet followed with its simple story, simply told by Miss DeMeritte, and in behalf of Minnesota Mrs. Bachelder of Michigan appropriately received it. Friday morning—grand and glorious. Time and space permitting it would be a delight to tell of the trip to the Whittier Home and Hannah Duston monument—but that is another story.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

II.

BY REV. PHILIP GRAIF, D. D.

WE have already pointed out, in another article, the long series of victories that have been wrought for the betterment of the individual and family life in heathen lands, but how has Christianity coped with the other social evils of the non-Christian world? Has it lessened or stamped out traffic in human flesh, cleansed the Pacific seas from the foul and horrible rites of cannibalism, removed the stains of human sacrifice from altars of worship, made cruel ordeals obsolete, softened the brutalities of war, and minimized, if not purged away, the intertribal blood-feuds of Asia and Africa? Of course, there are still untamed corners of gross darkness left where animalism holds riot in feasting on human flesh, where servitude debts crush the victim, where fetich trees are wet with the precious life-currents of human veins, where the bastinado does its awful work, and the chamber of torture slays its thousands, where Kurd and Turk give no quarter and mutilate the dead on the field of battle, and where lawlessness is ever on the war path; but, on the other hand, wherever, as in the New Hebrides of Dr. John Paton, Christianity has had its heroic apostles, there the domestic relations have grown sweet and beautiful, and the social ills of serfdom and bondage, of inhumanity and the war spirit, have nearly disappeared. The fact is, no romance of modern progress in material things can rival in splendor and greatness and novelty the brilliant push and conquests of modern Christian missions. In this one thing we throw the past in the shade, namely, in the growth and spread of a wise, helpful, broad, self-sacrificing missionary love. Simply to read the vast

array of well-authenticated facts that are cited in Dr. Dennis's monumental work on "Christian Missions and Social Progress," and carefully to weigh their import, is enough to show the open-minded truth seeker that in the nineteenth century there is no work fraught with more significance and crowned with truer glory than the enterprise of world-evangelization during the last hundred years. And no wonder. Foreign missions naturally call forth ideal heroism, and therefore create the finest figures of bravery and sainthood in the record of to-day's immortals, and also develop the best builders of the Christ-filled commonwealths of the future.

If social progress has been so signally won in India and Japan, Korea and South Africa, what is our duty? It is to be vigilantly active in this cause. In this robust, hard common sense time, genuine religion is not something pale, limp, cloistered, but a dynamic force that takes hold savingly of the remotest nooks and crannies of the outlying world. A dollar is never more valuable than when it is spent for a high-minded object. Not to pray eagerly and intensely, as well as give gladly, for the conversion of the unenlightened millions is to miss the joy of walking with God on the heights of communion and service. Filthy lucre becomes an angel minister as soon as it is touched pentecostally with the baptism of consecration to holy ends. Above all, let us have faith in the resplendent ultimate outcome of the foreign mission work. There is nothing great, or strong, or divinely beautiful without the underlying element of trust in God and ardent love of man. Whenever the harp of life or religion twangs with a pessimistic strain, it is because it has lost its near sense of the divine Presence. Truth will not unveil its rare lusters and gleams to a distrustful and worldly heart. Our faculty for development and usefulness will be atrophied by our loss of interest or faith in Christianity's world-wide mission.

III.

Probably one of the weightiest and most far reaching problems of the day is the scope and progress of missions. However much the Boer war, or the Boxer movement in China, or the policy of expansion, misnamed imperialism, may excite interest or fire passion, the ideal and hope of world evangelization is waxing into a paramount concern among peoples of the highest culture and spirituality. Long after the eddies and side-swirls of present-day issues have spent their force, the race will be moving more and more in the sublime current of the aspiration and work to Christianize and edenize every clod and spot of earth where ignorance and superstition still brood and blight. And this is a hopeful sign that the missionary is coming more and more into the foreground as the choice and admired master spirit of the age. In Greece the lover of the beautiful was the ideal man, in Rome the soldier became the beau ideal of youth, in

the Middle Ages the monk rose into a darling object of imitation ; in the period of knighthood and chivalry the figure of the romantic plume captured all hearts ; and in this nineteenth century, with its feverish dream of material glory, the millionaire seems to be the climax and peerless flower of manhood ; and yet, latterly, it is not so much a Dewey or Gould, an Edison or Bell, that fills the eye of civilized nations with most gladness and regard as it is the form of some great apostle of mercy and truth to benighted lands.

And what deeds of heroism and goodness, what strokes of genius in empire building and social progress, have made the missionary stand forth as such a bright and consummate expression of the best modern ideals? In the largest sense he has been a blessed regenerator of society, a resistless and sweetly compelling personality, a glorious pioneer of civilization and culture, baptized with the spirit and courage of Pauline aggressiveness and enthusiasm. To say, in general terms, that foreign missions have made two millions of converts, organized twenty thousand congregations, established twenty-five thousand Sunday schools with two million scholars, founded twenty thousand secular schools with well nigh a million pupils, and reared an efficient army of fifty-five thousand native preachers and teachers, does not tell the full story of the magnificent results of the foreign mission enterprise. Wider and more subtle and more powerful than mere statistics can indicate is the leavening and refining force of Christian missions. Whatever broadens and enriches, uplifts and emancipates, the social life of heathendom is in so far forth a great boon and blessing. Noiseless, unperceived, God's kingdom comes, and only decades or centuries reveal the golden milestones of social progress. Scarcely felt at first, slowly and with unobtrusive persistency moving on the minds and hearts of men, foreign missions have permeated vast regions of vice and savagery with new ideals and hopes, with a new vision of God, and a deeper reverence for self, and a larger perception of the sacredness of human life. If we cannot distinctly enumerate the more elusive factors of vital progress, what are some of the more conspicuous social transformations that have been wrought by Christian missions? In the first place they have roused the Orient out of its long nightmare slumber, and made its eyes sensitively alive to the stir and movement of the outer world. Then they have substituted the terrible arts and quackery of the witch-doctor and the sorcerer with the best remedies and treatment of modern medical science, and cleansed many a district of filthy habits of living, and barbaric toilets, and unchaste nudity, and loathsome diet, and wicked funeral orgies. In Africa the horrors and frequency of famine have been lessened and checked, in China the cruel custom of foot-binding is yielding to better sense, and in India the unsanitary conditions are being diminished, and the abominations of the

caste system are slinking away before the new and broader views of Christian brotherhood. Further, in civil administration, also, is seen the beneficent hand of the missionary in curbing despotic rule, in reforming abuses, in reducing the grinding tyranny of taxation, in repressing bribery and official mulcting, in elevating the commercial standards, and refining out of the Eastern blood its wild spirit of fanaticism and massacre. Indeed, the true worker amid unevangelized races has a toil requiring utmost bravery and the high unconquerable will.

But to return to the point of the high social value of Christian missions, we can safely say that they have marvelously done away with idol worship and shameless immoralities and the deification of lust in many of the most degraded places. The fact is, Christianity is rapidly and steadily sweeping on to the conquest of the whole world. Beginning on the day of Pentecost with a mere handful, to-day it numbers six hundred million adherents. At the opening of our century the Bible was translated into only thirty or forty languages and dialects, but now it is read in three hundred. In the palmiest days of the seven-hilled city by the Tiber, imperial Rome stretched her scepter over one hundred and twenty million subjects, but to-day the cross of the divine Nazarene dominates seven times that number. All hail the socializing and converting power of Jesus' name! Just as the eye gladly opens to the morning sunbeam, as the ear listens with a sense of enchantment to superb music, as the mind throbs with ecstasy over the acquisition of new truth, so, if we are living rightly, will our moral nature kindle with awe and gladness not only at beholding the wonderful social progress of Christian missions everywhere, but in lending a vigorous helping hand in the task of bringing on the golden daybreak of Christ's reign in every zone and in every heart on the entire globe.

Hills, 'le, Mich.

AN ILLUSTRATED BIBLE LESSON.

Subject, "Salt." (Matt. 5: 13.)

HOLD a lump of salt before the children. Ask what it is. Some will say sugar; some, salt. Call some one to taste it. No mistaking the taste. It is salt.

Call attention to the following facts:

1. Salt has a taste of its own, which is not like anything else.
2. It makes everything mixed with it taste like it.
3. It keeps everything it is mixed with from spoiling.
4. Unless it shows by the taste that it is salt, it is good for nothing.

Teach the children that *true* Christians are:

1. Like Christ, the true salt, but unlike other people.
2. That those with whom they go grow to be like them.
3. That they keep the world from being wholly ruined by sin.
4. That Christians who are not seen to be like Christ are good for nothing in the world.—*Mrs. Mary G. Burdette.*

THANK-OFFERING.

How swiftly Time speeds on his way,
 How soon a year is gone!
 Our treasured life seems but a day,
 Yet the years pass one by one.

Naught but God's love remains unchanged,
 His mercies ne'er grow old;
 New every morning, fresh each eve,
 What wealth and joy untold!

We come to-day with grateful hearts,
 With love, thanksgiving, and praise
 To God for all his benefits,
 In those busy fleeting days.

We praise him for his watchful care,
 We praise him for his love,
 We praise him for our hope in Christ,
 Our hope in heaven above.

We praise him that our lot is cast
 In this fair land of ours,
 Far from heathen servitude,
 And superstition's powers.

We praise him for the privilege
 Of work, that we may do
 In his great harvest field, the world,
 If we are brave and true.

We praise him for the joy that comes
 From loving service given,
 A hundred fold while here below,
 Eternal life in heaven.

Then sisters, let's "be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait."

Wait for God's own time and blessing,
 Wait with patience, faith, and love;
 Knowing that the seed thus scattered
 Will be watered from above.

Will bring forth a glorious harvest
 Here at home, perhaps abroad.
 Let us, then, keep right on sowing,
 Leaving the results with God.

—Written by Mrs. L. A. Sherwood, President of the auxiliary, and read at the thank offering meeting
 of the Olneyville auxiliary, Providence, R. I., May, 1900.

WESTERN WORK.

BY LOU M. P. DURGIN.

(Paper read at the Woman's Convention, Ocean Park.)

I HAVE been asked to speak for a few minutes upon our Western work—its achievements, its needs, and its possibilities. I should feel that the time was well spent if I should succeed in disabusing the minds of some of their false conceptions of the West and its people; in convincing all that we are of one family, with the same general family characteristics, virtues, and frailties.

There are many wise, cultured people in New England who have still to learn that the dividing line between the East and the West has been lost in the Pacific Ocean, and who insist upon anyone who comes from the farther side of the Mississippi posing as a natural curiosity. Sometimes it amuses us, and we feel inclined to stick eagle feathers in our hair, and scream, to meet their expectations—and otherwhiles we would paraphrase the words of the immortal Shylock and cry, Hath not a Westerner eyes? Hath not a Westerner hands, organs, dimension, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same appendicitis, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a New Englander?

Our cowboys have exchanged their sombreros for silk hats, and are dealing in stocks on Wall Street. The prairie fires are dead, and in their place billow the golden grain-fields. The descendants of the wild horses of the plains are trundling street cars in quiet New England towns, while the automobile and electric trolley hurry their former trainer to his new employment.

It is true, methods still differ somewhat. They still use the scythe in New England, while the Minnesota reaper rides a spring seat, beneath a canopy, and cuts a twelve-foot swath; and yet the purpose of the workers is the same, the adapting of necessary means to the required end.

In church work there is the same similarity. In Minnesota, as in Maine, we work our ministers hard, and keep them poor, and trust the Lord to keep them humble. We profess, just as you do, to believe that souls are of infinitely more value than bodies, and belie our belief by our conduct. We are prepared to sing with you psalms of thanksgiving for the boundless mercies of our common Lord, and to bow with you while we beseech him to have mercy upon us poor miserable sinners.

And so I have nothing peculiar to present of our achievements, our possibilities, and needs. Our achievements, like yours, bear the same relation to our possibilities as the Dead Sea to the neighboring Himalaya, while our needs are as wide as the sea. We need information to awaken an intelligent interest in our work. The dear old minister in Ohio who inquired if India revolved with the

rest of the world was near of kin to the young New England divine who tried to collect money for the purchase of a horse to ride to India, and so save traveling expenses.

Right here I wish to pay a tribute to the faithful, devoted efforts of our Western agent, Miss Moody, and Mrs. A. A. McKenney, chairman of the Western committee. It is a joy and inspiration to meet them, or even those who have been associated with them for any length of time. Their intimate knowledge of the mission fields, of the needs and possibilities, and their loving sympathy with the workers, their earnest prayers for native converts, are an inspiration and an uplift. Would to God that their number might be multiplied many fold. The distances between our centers of activity are so great that we especially need these torch-bearers to keep the fires a-light. It goes without saying, too, that our best work is done where the copies of the *HELPER* are most numerous. Every year we emphasize the necessity, again and again, of careful, systematic reports, for in this way we provoke one another to good works.

But when all has been said and done, the deepest need of our work—the profoundest need, West as well as East—is loyalty to our King, is consecration of life and energy to the noblest work ever undertaken by creature or Creator, the rending of the chains of sin, and the reclaiming of the world to righteousness and God. We hold in honor the men who have won loving loyalty to our flag and fatherland in foreign ports. Are we not ambassadors of Christ, and shall we betray our trust and neither be reconciled ourselves nor persuade others to reconciliation? How proud Chicago is of her gracious Lady Curzon, who represents Her Majesty the Empress of India in her eastern domain. With what envy parents, and even Christian parents, regard her career, and withhold their sons and daughters with all the passionate selfishness of unloving hearts from going as representatives of the King of kings in that same India. Shall we always belie our profession and dishonor our Lord thus?

Our Master bade us *go*, and we stay at home ourselves, and persuade our most talented young men and women that they are needed in America, and especially in churches where the salary is paid with regularity.

Our Lord says, "Bring ye all the tithes into my storehouse." We say that *all* we have is his, then put \$100 in making money for ourselves, and a nickel into the contribution box. Our Father has bidden us not to be anxious about our eating, our drinking, and apparel. Yet every day we are so distraught with these very cares that we have only weary bodies and the barest moments of time to devote to the Master's service. Faber says: "There is hardly ever complete silence in our souls. God is whispering to us well-nigh all the time. Whenever the sounds of the world die out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear these

whisperings of God. He is always whispering to us, but we do not always hear because of the noise, hurry, and distraction which life causes as it rushes on. It is hardly to be wondered at that we lose the finer consciousness of higher power and deeper feeling—not from any behavior in itself wrong, but from the hurry, noise, and tumult in the streets of life, that, penetrating too deep into the house of life, daze and stupefy the silent, lonely watcher in the chamber of conscience."

O dear friends, how slowly we learn that God is rich, abounding in the blessings he is longing to bestow upon us and our work, if only we will put ourselves in a line with the divine purposes!

At times we turn our faces Godward and prayerfully question why our work advances so slowly, both at home and abroad; why so few hear and heed the faithful words of our pastors, and the answer comes to us, "because thou art neither cold nor hot." God is too wise to give converts in churches that are too dead to nourish them. Shall we starve ourselves and fail of our mission to others because we will not take time to be holy?

How deeply this same thought has impressed itself upon our workers on the other side is seen in Mr. Hamlen's report. He says: "Many things that Christ wanted to do have not been done, because he has found no one through whom he could do them. Many words that he wanted said have gone unsaid, because no lips were ready to say them. I have been busy with plans and schemes, with work and worry, so that he could not teach me, nor work in me and with me as he would. A shameful thing it is to have to say it. Nor would I mention it were I not filled with wonder and gratitude that he has been so marvelously patient through it all, reproving, correcting, teaching, comforting, drawing me always by his unchanging love, till the deepest, most real prayer of my heart is, 'My Father, take me, keep me, and work in me and with me whatever thou wilt.' Others must speak for themselves, but to me the most real and most wonderful work of my Lord during the past year he has patiently and tenderly wrought in my own soul. To him be all the praise."

When this becomes the prayer of all our hearts, then young men and women will be given opportunity to carry the cross into the enemy's country, and we who man the walls at home will not withhold the necessary equipment. For when the blessed time shall come that the Church shall be truly under the control of Christ her head, mission work, both East and West, will move forward with vigorous strides.

Winnebago, Minn.

THE great fact is that life is a service; the only question is, "Whom will we serve?"—*Faber.*



From the field.

ITEMS FROM THE WIDOWS' HOME.

BALASORE, INDIA, July 18, 1900.

MY DEAR MRS. WHITCOMB:

Your letter was received, some months ago, asking for items of interest connected with my work. It is now a year since I took in the ten days' old baby. She was so weakly and starved that all through the year she has been a care and not a little anxiety to me; but her bright smile and loving ways are more than compensation,

now that she is quite strong and able to amuse herself most of the time. Last week she had a birthday party, to which the European missionaries and children, and twenty-eight of her own country, little brothers and sisters from the orphanages, were invited. We all sat on the veranda and ate with our fingers in truly native style, baby having her first meal of rice and *dali* (lentils) which she thoroughly enjoyed, while her little guests at least looked as if they also enjoyed the good things of the feast.

A woman in whom I feel sure you would be interested came into the Home

lately, not because she is really poor, but for the purpose of freeing herself from the power of a bad man, whose willing slave I fear she has been for several years. Her husband died some years ago and left her quite a little property, a good part of which this man now claims, justly or unjustly no one can really say; however, I am glad to find that she is willing to give him what he asks for, so that she may get out of his power. She is a capable, industrious woman, and with her two cows, which she brought with her, and any other work she may get, is quite able to support herself, and seems willing to do so. I do hope she may get strength to keep on doing the right until it becomes evident to all that her repentance is real. It is a great comfort to have a home of refuge for such women, where they can begin life afresh, removed from their old surroundings.

You asked me to tell something of the way we get into the homes of the people to teach. Well, there are very few houses shut against the Christian missionary or her teachers. In most homes the women, and men also, are glad to receive a visit and have a chat with a stranger, but of course all are not willing to have religious teaching in their homes, and some men still object to have women and girls educated at all; but in spite of many hindrances my nine zenana teachers can always find as many pupils as they can manage to teach during the hours of work. Each teacher has from twelve to sixteen pupils, many who have read with them for years. Such women often become objects of interest to their neighbors and thus induce others to begin to learn. Again, a good number of the pupils have either learned a little in school before they were married, and want to carry on their studies, or are members of a family where the little girls attend school. Quite a number of their own accord call us to their homes, while others are visited, and asked if they would not like to learn something. In a few cases the men of the house, or the older women, entirely object because of the Bible teaching, but these are the exception, not the rule, nowadays.

We sometimes have very rainy days at this season, which interrupts my regular going out a little, and of course there are days when many things have to be attended to in the house, which makes it impossible to go out; but, as a rule, I go and examine the lessons of seven or eight pupils, most working days. That is the number one teacher visits each day. In that way each pupil gets three lessons a week. They all learn the catechism from the first, and after they can read, a Gospel is given for study. I give a Bible lesson in every house after I hear the other lessons.

Yours very sincerely,

J. J. SCOTT.

"He makes the best improvements that improves the morals of his neighbors."

TREASURER'S NOTES.

THE treasurer has kept busy, during September, with the annual report. The receipts for the year are about the same as last year. In some States there has been a falling off; in others a gain. There is great cause for gratitude that our immediate needs have been supplied, though there is so much more which could be done that one turns pleadingly to our Heavenly Father for help.

When the contributions from the several States were sent to me by the assistant treasurer, it took only a glance at the figures to guess, almost with certainty, what State had won the necklet for another year. A careful figuring out of results showed the guess to be correct. As all know, the award is made to the State that shows the largest contributions per member on a two-thirds membership basis as given in the Year Book. On this basis *Minnesota* has won the necklet, and that, too, with a membership contribution a good deal in advance of any other State. Little Minnesota—little in membership as compared with other States—deserves our congratulations. The necklet will be formally awarded at the annual meeting, Oct. 11, and then sent to the State president, Mrs. L. M. P. Durgin, for safe keeping by the auxiliary or church in Minnesota that has made the largest contribution, per member, to our treasury during the last year. It is hoped the necklet will be used at some of the thank-offering meetings in that State next year.

The receipts for September have been small but interesting. One comes from California for the support of a boy at Bhimpore; another from New Hampshire for the support of a girl in Sinclair Orphanage; and still another from a lady who, since her marriage, has annually paid her dues to her home church—a good example; and an unknown one sends \$10 for kindergarten. We welcome to our Roll of Honor the Junior C. E. of Horton, Kan., and the Mission Band of Dover, Mich. Whether it is a band or a junior it matters not, as both are our children, that the mother heart in missions has so tenderly cared for for many years. Right here let me urge that all in arrears for shares in Miss Barnes's salary make immediate payment, as our annual report shows only \$309.04 contributed for her support last year, and her salary and work amounts to \$525—or to 131 shares, which we hope will be pledged and paid by the close of 1901. We are glad to receive a contribution from Nebraska Y. M. and Lincoln auxiliary towards the expense which the Woman's Society incurs in Miss Moody's agency work. Are there not others who will contribute towards our Western appropriation? The Cradle-Roll of Dover, Me., has twenty-two members, and sends \$5.30 to the treasury. These Cradle-Rolls are the "little ones" that Jesus particularly blessed. O for a Cradle-Roll in every church! The most interesting letter in September was the one from which slipped two

money orders of \$50 each. It came from an unknown friend in Nova Scotia for the Sinclair Orphanage. Just now we are expecting an addition of several children from the famine district, and this donation is a lovely reminder that real needs are always supplied, if we do our part and trust God for the rest.

I had a delightful trip to the annual meeting of the Maine Woman's Missionary Society, in Dover, where I have spent several winters. The whole of Tuesday, Sept. 25, was devoted to the work, beginning with the business meeting in the morning and closing with a public meeting in the afternoon, in which the president, Mrs. Couzens, and the editor of the MISSIONARY HELPER gave interesting addresses. Maine has a very strong and earnest leadership in its president, its recording secretary Miss Purinton, its corresponding secretary Mrs. White, and its treasurer Mrs. Thurlough. We may look for large things of Maine in the future. Already there are signs of more auxiliaries, notably one in Pittsfield. The need of them was strongly urged, and the executive board is to appoint organizers where presidents of quarterly meetings and conferences cannot do it. A talk with a pastor in one of the large churches in Maine, about my visiting a church for organizing purposes, prompts me to say that I will make special effort, when invited, to visit churches and help in making new auxiliaries. At this meeting the MISSIONARY HELPER was discussed, and with regret we find that there is a falling off in Maine, as there is in other States. This means that the deficit is larger this year than it has been for several years. I don't believe in being discouraged over any difficulty, but I do think we ought to bravely and frankly meet it. And in this spirit I have made this statement. How is the difficulty to be overcome? From my knowledge of the situation I believe two things are necessary. First, that every one in arrears on their subscription to our little magazine should pay at once. And when one realizes that every cent of subscription money paid to Mrs. E. H. Andrews means another cent for the missionary work, how can one help making an immediate payment? The other necessity is that agents, having in charge the subscription list, should call on those who have not paid, and secure their dues. *Please do it at once.* Let us by our influence, by our money, by our prayers, make a strong pull all together to put the MISSIONARY HELPER on a self-supporting basis within two years. If any one has suggestions to make about the HELPER I wish you would send them to me, and I will pass them along in a way that will be most helpful to our work. Let us all remember that without the MISSIONARY HELPER the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society would live at a "poor, dying rate," and the more who take and read it, the greater the interest. Look on the fourth page of cover for special rates to new subscribers, and either get one, or pay for one the coming year.

Ocean Park, Me.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

A PRESENT NEED AT STORER.

AT the beginning of a new term the question always arises of how we shall meet the various demands that may be made upon the school resources during the year, and among these demands is the ever-present one for clothing. Calls of this nature are always coming, but more especially during the fall and winter months, and I would urge the friends of Storer not to forget our needs when preparing for the coming cold weather, but to send us what they can spare for those less fortunate than themselves. Garments laid aside as useless in many homes will often supply an urgent want with us. We cannot meet the requests for children's and men's clothing that come to us, and we never yet had a pair of partly worn shoes that a dozen hands were not stretched out for them.

I make these suggestions that our friends may get some idea of what we most need ; hoping that among the many, some may be found who will be able to help in relieving the necessities of those about us. M. JENNIE BAKER.

Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

IT HURTS.

I ONCE heard a missionary say, "It hurts so to live in India." I have often thought of the expression. It is very true and suggestive. It does hurt very much to live here. We see and hear and know so many things here which hurt us. On a cold morning last November I saw two naked children fighting for possession of a coarse cotton garment. I did not see the end of the struggle, for I was riding rapidly past the village ; but the larger of the two seemed to be stripping the garment from the back of the younger one. Indian childhood, so often hungry, cold, burdened with heavy work, mercilessly beaten, neglected, taught only evil, is one of the things that hurt us. The helplessness of the weak and ignorant, the degradation of women, the fierce struggle for existence, the hopeless poverty of so many millions, all these things hurt us, though we do not personally share such calamities. Willingly or unwillingly we suffer much for India, and because we do suffer so much for India our hearts are in her grasp. Jesus Christ suffered for men because he loved them ; we believe he loves men all the more because he suffered so much for them. Few indeed of those who have come from other lands to India have not suffered much for India, willingly or unwillingly. What a catalogue could be made of things in India that hurt us, which give us pain. Like her own jungle of Karaunda or Gangehi the Indian life has many sharp thorns, and we cannot pass through it without torn garments and bleeding hands and feet. And whether we desire it or not, this suffering gives the land a large place in our minds ; so large indeed that when separated from it we are conscious of a great loss, which fills our hearts with indefinable yet undeniable regret.—*Indian Witness.*

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

TOPICS FOR 1900.

January—Review of '99. Outlook.

February—Prayer and Praise.

March—Home Mission Work.

April—Our Corner of India.

May—Thank-Offering.

June—The Children.

July—Some of Our Native Workers.

August—Auxiliary Outing. Missionary Seed-Sowing for Hot Weather.

September—Medical Missions. Our New Missionary.

October—Roll-call and Membership Meeting.

November—Denominational Review.

December—Christian Missions and Social Progress.

DECEMBER—CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Singing, "Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us."

Prayer for such meetings, wherever this topic is being studied, as shall bless each heart, and set influences in motion that shall reach our brothers and sisters in other lands who are dependent upon us for uplift.

Outline for Bible reading:

1. *Consider*—How great things the Lord hath done for you. 1 Sam. 12 : 24.
2. *Accept*—All spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. Eph. 1 : 3-6.
3. *Present*—Your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. Rom. 12 : 1, 2.
4. *Reckon*—Yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. 6 : 11.
5. *Yield*—Yourselves unto God as those that are alive unto God, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God. Rom. 6 : 13.
6. *Offer*—(a) The sacrifice of praise unto God continually. Heb. 12 : 15. (b) With a willing mind. 2 Cor. 7 : 12. (c) Systematically and proportionately. 1 Cor. 16 : 2.—*Mary Gamertsfelder.*

Roll call. Response by each member, with an item of interest concerning progress through mission effort in any land.

Reading, "My First Ten Cents." (See junior department.)

Questions on "Christian Missions and Social Progress," by the leader, answered by members. (Study the series of articles by Dr. Graif for answers to these questions.)

How does the attitude of thought regarding soul saving to-day differ from other ages?

What is the scope and function of Christianity?

What are the limitations of other religions?

What is Christianity?

How has Christianity grappled with social evils, and how has Christ's spirit affected the world?

What is the status of women in pagan lands?

How has Christianity coped with the other social evils of the non-Christian world?

What is said of Christianity's heroic apostles and of modern Christian missions?

What book is cited and what conclusions are drawn from its array of facts?

What qualities does an interest in foreign missions develop?

What is our duty?

What is one of the most far-reaching problems of the day?

What has been the ideal of each age, and what is more and more the ideal of the present?

What is said of the missionary?

How many converts, Sunday schools, secular schools, native preachers, and teachers are the result of foreign missions?

Is this the greatest result of missions?

How have missions permeated regions of vice and savagery?

What are some of the social transformations wrought by Christian missions in general? In Africa, in China, in India? In civil administrations?

What are some of the things with which Christian missions have done away?

How many adherents to Christianity are there to-day?

In how many languages and dialects is the Bible read?

Contrast this with the condition at the opening of the century.

Contrast the number of Christ's disciples to-day with that of the subjects of Imperial Rome.

To what do all these things incite us?

Discussion.

Prayer that these facts may incite us to fresh efforts, and that there may be a growing and heart-warm interest everywhere for world-wide work.

Singing, "Jesus Shall Reign."

Brief closing talk by the secretary upon current events in our own field.

Mizpah.

For reference: "Christian Missions and Social Progress," 2 vols., by Dr. Dennis

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."

THE STILL HOUR.

"He taketh thee, he keepeth thee,
Through deepest shades of night,
He bringeth thee the morning,
With roseate hues of light,
And sanctified by sorrow,
He draws thee closer still,
To shower upon thee blessings,
According to his will.

"So in thy soul's deep quiet,
Life's storm shall touch thee not,
For a star of hope has risen
To brighten up thy lot.
And in the sweet assurance
Its light to thee doth bring,
Rest thou in God thy Father,
And find true peace in him."

GOD IS OUR REFUGE.—PS. 46: 1.

You will distinguish between a refuge and a strength. You stand during a lashing shower under a tree. You say, "I am indebted to my strong constitution." Yes, my brother, but that should be only the half of your thanksgiving. You are much wet; but no bad results follow. You are thinking only of the drops which fell and which your strength mastered. Have you ever considered the drops which did not fall—the drops which were absorbed by the tree? That was your refuge, and I think you were most indebted to that. You are right to remember your strength, the power to resist the rain; but should you forget the rain that never came, that was prevented from coming? Why have you no altars in memory of your unshed tears, your arrested tears? Why have you no pillar to commemorate these stones of Bethel on which you did not lie? Why have you no monument to the spot where you were saved from sacrifice by the ram caught in the thicket? You have a wreath for your victories; have you none for your averted battles? You have a crown for sorrow borne; have you none for sorrow spared? You have a hymn to the strength; why not to the refuge also?

Thou Christ of love, who hast borne more than the half of my rain-clouds, let me build an altar to thee! I have stood beneath the tree of thy life, and have caught but little of the shower; the largest drops have fallen on thee. The tree of Calvary has sheltered me. If I had caught the storm's full blast I must have died. But the storm has spent itself on thee, and I am born in calm. Thy night has been my day; thy struggle has procured my rest. The garden in which I sit was once called Gethsemane, but it is Gethsemane no more. The sweat drops that fell from thy brow have been dried for me. Thou hast extracted the thorn, and left me only the rose. The privilege of to-day was the pain of yesterday; it was purchased by blood—thy blood. I bless thee for my shelter under the tree. I bless thee for the drops that did not reach me. I bless thee for the tears I have not been forced to shed. I bless thee for the battles unfought, for the trials untouched, for the sacrifices unneeded, for the lamentations unspoken. I bless thee that from so many storms I can hide myself in thee.—*Self.*

The Missionary Helper Branch of the International Sunshine Society.

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on.

ALL letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page or sunshine work should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 232 Keap St., Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

BRANCH NOTES.

Mrs. M. D. Mack of Orchard, Iowa, is living sunshine by visiting the sick, and carrying reading matter and flowers; she also prepared a sunshine bag to go with Dr. Shirley Holmes Smith that will help to brighten her first year in India.

Miss Lucy Phillips of Rushville, N. Y., a dear invalid friend of Mrs. Lillie L. Stevens, has been made a member of the I. S. S. with the hope that many rays of sunshine will illumine her clouded life. Mrs. Stevens has passed on, during the past month, a New Testament and a number of sermons to a shut-in member of our branch.

Thanks are due the following members for their quick response to the call to pass on the HELPER each month: Mrs. G. H. Prout, Mrs. L. B. Carey, Mrs. L. L. Stevens, and Mrs. S. S. Marsh.

A new member, Mrs. Frank S. Kimball, is helping in our work of good cheer; she has passed on a sunshine pin and stamps to an invalid member of the I. S. S.

Mrs. Julia Traver, an earnest worker, has changed her address from the Hotel Majestic to 97 Central Park West, New York City.

Miss Carrie E. Kirk, 43 S. Florence St., Melrose, Mass., will be pleased to receive sunshine letters.

CHRISTMAS WORK.

Will all members who are willing to assist in our work of good cheer at the glad holiday season kindly send small gifts to the president, or, if they prefer, a name and address will be given on application, and the gift can be sent direct. We are anxious that many hearts shall be gladdened by receiving some Christmas greeting during the coming holidays. An early response will greatly facilitate this work.

A SUGGESTION.

It has been suggested that when articles, reading matter, etc., are received, with the donor's address, an expression of thanks be sent to the donor, as all like to know if the good cheer sent out is received and appreciated.

Mrs. Tozier Weatherred, State president of the Oregon division of the I. S. S., writes, "We never become so rich or so famous that we are indifferent to the rays of sunshine which occasionally shine into our hearts from some unexpected source. These little surprises make life worth living, and without them our days seem but idle existence. God bless you all in your good work."

LETTERS.

Many interesting letters pertaining to sunshine work have been received, among the number being one from a California member, Mr. Geo. V. Bath, who has sent sunshine to a lonely old gentleman living in Washington. Lulu Carton of Murray, N. Y., has written for information; her letter tells that she has the true sunshine spirit, for she is passing on her HELPER, etc. It is with pleasure we welcome her to our sunshine ranks. Miss Ruby E. Moulton has sent in her monthly report; it tells of many sunny deeds. Mrs. Jennie E. Boucher, although a great sufferer, has written a cheerful letter, and closes it with the words, "In His name I am trying to scatter sunshine all along the way." A letter giving a full account of the sunshine bag sent by the Dorcas Smith Memorial Circle Kings Daughters to Miss Barnes, has been received from Miss Marion McGunigle. All persons who contributed articles for the India sunshine bags are thereby entitled to membership in the I. S. S. The president will be pleased to enroll all names sent in.

THANKSGIVING.

For the days when nothing happens,
 For the cares that leave no trace,
 For the love of little children,
 For each sunny dwelling-place,
 For the altars of our fathers,
 And the closets where we pray,
 Take, O gracious God and Father,
 Praises this Thanksgiving day.

For our harvests safe ingathered,
 For our golden store of wheat,
 For the cornlands and the vinelands,
 For the flowers upspringing sweet,
 For our coasts from want protected,
 For each inlet, river, bay,
 By thy bounty full and flowing,
 Take our praise this joyful day.

For the hours when heaven is nearest,
 And the earth-mood does not cling,
 For the very gloom oft broken
 By our looking for the King,
 By our thought that he is coming,
 For our courage on the way,
 Take, O Friend, unseen, eternal,
 Praises this Thanksgiving day.

For the dangers to the nation
 Warded hence by sovereign love,
 For the country, strong and hopeful,
 Songs arise to God above,
 Never people called and chosen
 Had such loving-kindness shown
 As this people, God-defended;
 Therefore, praises to the throne!

For our dear ones lifted higher
 Through the darkness to the light,
 Ours to love and ours to cherish
 In dear memory, beyond sight,
 For our kindred and acquaintance
 In thy heaven who safely stay,
 We uplift our psalms of triumph,
 Lord, on this Thanksgiving day.

—Margaret Sangster.

MRS. GARDNER'S MISSIONARY BOX.

"THE very latest wedding present," exclaimed Charles Grant, as he placed a postal card in his wife's hand.

A look of surprise came into her pretty face as she read the printed form from the railroad company stating that a box was held at the station subject to the order of Charles Grant.

"It must be something valuable, Charles, for the charges are one dollar and seventy cents," said Frances Grant.

"It is a good thing my salary was raised to-day," said Charles. "It comes just in time for this."

"Was your salary raised?" asked Frances, in surprise. "This is a wonderful day, with two such pleasant surprises. I wonder what is in the box, and who sent it."

"I'll stop on my way to the office and send it up; then you can spend the afternoon admiring it."

Only two weeks before Charles Grant had brought his bride to this busy town in Western Ohio, where he had been book-keeper for a grain firm for four years. There had been a quiet little wedding in the old home, and the young people started for their new home loaded down with the gifts and good wishes of the kindly friends who had known them all their lives.

Shortly after the last piece of china had been washed and placed in the tiny

closet a dray drove up and deposited a huge box in the front yard. The good-natured driver placed the box on the porch, and pried off several boards for the eager little woman who was waiting to examine the contents.

"What was in that immense box?" was Charles Grant's first question when he came home in the evening.

"Just look at that trash," exclaimed Mrs. Grant, indignantly, pointing to a promiscuous heap on the sitting-room floor. "I did not think anyone we knew would do such a thing as that."

Charles regarded the pile of old shoes, broken toys, worn-out dresses, and dirty books in surprise. Then he burst into a hearty laugh. "Some one is playing a trick on me," he said at last. "I wonder where it came from. Don't cry, dear; I'll put all this stuff away, and let us have our tea."

As Charles threw everything back a note fell out of the bundle of old aprons, and Charles read it at once.

"Here, Frances," he called, "come in and hear this letter."

Mrs. Grant came hurrying in with the teapot in her hands, and perched on the arm of her husband's chair while he read the brief note:

I hope this box will fall into worthy hands and the contents be carefully used.

MRS. SARA GARDNER.

"It's one of the missionary boxes you women used to put up back East," said Charles. "I remember when the committee called on Aunt Susan the last time I visited her. Every old trap and dress in the house went into that box. There must be another Charles Grant out here, and this box belongs to him. After tea we can go down to the post office and find out where he lives."

"I am glad I am not a missionary's wife," said Frances. "I am afraid I used to send old things when the box was to be filled at the church, but I never will again. What possible use could anyone make of that pile of rubbish?"

The clerk in the post-office searched the directory for Charles Grant, and at last gave it up.

"I cannot find the name," she said at last.

"There is a Charles Grant up on the marsh. He is a minister, and preaches at all the little churches up there," announced the stamp clerk, who came up in time to hear the last of the conversation. "The reason I know about him and his family is that our Epworth League made a little donation for them last week. His salary is only four hundred dollars a year, and the people are so poor and shiftless they seldom pay all of that."

"That must be the family," said Mrs. Grant. "We have a box of goods that evidently was intended for them."

"They will be very thankful to get it," said the young lady. "There are

several children in the family, and winter is close at hand," and she turned to wait on a customer.

"I just hate to think of sending all that worthless stuff to a poor family," said Mrs. Grant, when they were again at home.

"I'll tell you," said Charles; "let's make a little thank-offering and fill the box ourselves. Here is the gold piece Mr. Hudson gave me to-day when he told me I might expect an increase in my salary. Take it and get some really useful things for the poor people. **We have been greatly blessed in the past year.**"

"And there is the ten-dollar gold piece Aunt Mary gave me for a wedding present," exclaimed Frances indelighly. "We can fill the box without half trying."

The very next day Mrs. Grant called on the minister's wife, who lived only three doors from her, to learn, if possible, how old the Grant children were before buying garments for them.

She found Mrs. Snow, a rosy little woman, full of enthusiasm over the plan. She knew the names and ages of the Grant children, and offered patterns and help in the most friendly way imaginable.

"Why don't you let the girls of the League help you?" she said, as Mrs. Grant rose to go. "They can meet here any afternoon, and in a little while we can fill the box and send it out to the marsh."

"Do you think they will do that?" asked Mrs. Grant, doubtfully.

"Of course they will. I'll send out some notes this very afternoon, and invite them for to-morrow."

In after years Frances Grant said that her first real giving dated from that morning when, in company with Mrs. Snow, she purchased shoes and clothing for the other Grant family. It did give her a little pang of regret as she thought of the china she had intended to buy with her gold piece; but when she thought of her comfortable home and bright prospects she put the selfish thought away, and searched as diligently for bargains as Mrs. Snow.

Such dainty little garments as they made that afternoon. Miss Gordon, the secretary of the League, was a dressmaker, and she cut out the clothes, while Mrs. Snow basted, and helped those who had the least skill.

"All done," announced Mrs. Snow as the clock struck four. "I am glad we got so many things ready-made, or we could not have finished in one afternoon."

Then everybody fell to work in the soft twilight to pack the box. When everything was put in it was not half full. A row of very doleful faces hung over it as each one tried to fill up the vacant places. Mrs. Grant was just wiping away a few tears when the door burst open, and the girl who sold stamps in the post office said breathlessly:

"I could not get off this afternoon. One of the other clerks is sick, and the postmaster is out of town, but here is my contribution to the box."

She laid a soft, rose-colored dressing sack, made of the thickest eider down, on Mrs. Snow's lap, and went as swiftly as she came.

"Her new dressing sack!" exclaimed Bess Richards. "I am going straight home for my black skirt to go with that sack. I can spare it as well as not."

"Let's all go home and find something to help fill up," said Rose Brown impulsively, and in five minutes Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Snow were alone in the pleasant parlor, picking up the scraps of flannel and muslin.

How rapidly good deeds multiply! In a short time the girls came hurrying back with bundles large and small. This time everybody took a hand in fitting the goods in to make room for the big dolls Grace Holmes, who lived in the country, had bought. She could not go home like the rest, so she took a dollar from her carefully saved Christmas money and invested it in two dainty dolls.

The first snowflakes were whirling over the dreary black marsh, and the people were hurrying to bank up with sod the little plank houses here and there on the wide fields, when the minister opened the door and came softly into the room where his frail wife was trying to soothe the fretful baby.

"Some one has sent us a box, Mary," he said, stooping to kiss the thin cheek. Brother Mills is coming with it, and will be here in a few minutes."

"I won't count on it very much, Charles, till I see it unpacked. The last box had very few things in it that could be used, even by making them over, and, besides, the freight charges were two dollars."

"Well, the charges are paid on this, and we will soon see what is in it," said Mr. Grant as cheerfully as possible, though he shared his wife's doubts.

If Mrs. Gardner could have seen her box unpacked the second time she would have been as much surprised as were the minister and his wife.

When the clean, dainty garments were spread out in the poor, bare room Mrs. Grant laid her weary head on her husband's shoulder and sobbed for joy.

The Epworth League heard the story from Mrs. Snow and Mrs. Grant, who were busy with other missionary plans when the minister and his wife came to attend a Sunday-school convention and tell Mr. and Mrs. Snow about the box.

"I just looked everywhere for some clew to tell where it came from, but could find nothing. Even the name of the town was blotted so you could not read it," said Mrs. Grant from the marsh, as she finished telling about the wonderful box. "We will never find out who sent it, I suppose, but I pray every day that God may bless them for it, and I am sure he will."

"And I am sure he has," said the secretary of the League, reverently. "Our League has doubled its membership since little Mrs. Grant taught us how much better it is to do something for the poor all about us than to spend all our time planning socials and entertainments."

"And I have learned that it pays, too, largely," said Mrs. Grant. "For this has been the most blessed year of my life."—*Selected.*

Words from Home Workers.

MAINE (Review of the year).—Reports have been received from fifteen Q. M.'s and conferences. Three new auxiliaries have been organized. At the annual meeting, one year ago, the presidents of the Q. M. and conference auxiliaries were made field agents. Through their efforts these auxiliaries have been organized, and there are bright prospects of more being added to the number. All are hoping to accomplish more in this line during the coming year. The apportionments were made on the basis of \$2000 for the State. Five of the conferences have exceeded the amount assigned them. The amount raised was \$1824.98. This does not include \$65.42 for incidental expenses. The results of the thank-offering were larger than in any previous year. Several churches held thank-offering services for the first time. Mrs. Greenleaf, HELPER agent, reports 709 HELPERS taken. Earnest efforts have been made to increase the subscription list, but the publisher has been obliged to drop the names of too many who were in arrears. It is hoped that this trouble may be averted in the future. The children's work has received another year's faithful service at the hands of the secretary, Mrs. Ada M. L. George. The report of her work will appear elsewhere. Very much more than usual has been done by Mrs. Jennie M. Randlett in distributing our missionary literature, especially helps for thank-offering services. At the annual meeting held in Dover, Sept. 24, the attendance was unusually large, the interest good, and the indications are that more efficient service will be rendered the Master during the next twelve months than ever before.

MARY E. WHITE, *Cor. Sec.*

Bowdoinham.

Waterville.—We organized a Woman's Missionary Society a few months ago. I was chosen agent for the HELPER. I have not been able to get so many subscribers as I would be glad to, only four as yet, but hope to have better success in the future. Pray for us, dear sisters, that, as a little band of Christian workers, we may aid in advancing the cause of Christ in our own land, and also do something to help spread the Gospel light in heathen lands. I. H. WEST.

NEBRASKA.—The Nebraska Y. M. and W. M. S. was held at Elm Island, where we met old friends so dear to us; some of whom were Bro's Ford, Wolfe, Tilden, Murphy, Father Staples, and Mothers Murphy and Cooley. We enjoyed the meeting greatly, and found it was "good to be there." There were many good things, but I will only tell of Bro. Ford's excellent talk about the West, which was very interesting. Bro. Murphy spoke one evening on "How I Came to Go to India." Bro. Tilden preached the dedication sermon Sabbath morning,

after which Bro's Ford and Wolfe succeeded in raising about \$140 towards seats and a bell. Bro. Deckard of Lincoln preached the closing sermon, which was one of the best. The services were closed by our much loved Bro. Murphy, who is soon to sail for India with his family. The W. M. S. met immediately after service Saturday afternoon, Aug. 18. The meeting was opened with prayer by Sister Wolfe. Reports were read and approved. Old officers were retained, except the secretary. Mrs. Ella M. Staples was elected to fill that office. Miss Lizzie Moody gave a fine lecture in the evening on foreign missions; after which, Sister Wolfe came forward with a handsome velvet and plush slumber robe, made by the ladies of the Lincoln society, and asked for a collection, which amounted to \$8.40. Sister Wolfe then presented the robe to Sister Moody, much to her surprise. The people of Kenesaw and Elm Island welcomed us to their homes, and made every effort for our comfort and pleasure. We had a very pleasant and interesting visit with Mother Cooley on the following Monday. She told us about India, when she was there, and showed us a quantity of idols and relics. As we turned our faces westward, we felt well paid for our tiresome journey.

ELLA M. STAPLES.

Arapahoe, Neb.

INDIANA.—DEAR HELPER: You may not know that one of the most wide-awake missionary societies, interested in our India mission field, is right here in Oakland City, Ind., among the General Baptists. (I can see no special difference between Free Baptists and General Baptists; in spirit and work they are the same.) We have twenty-five members, and we meet each month at the homes of those interested, and usually follow the HELPER topics. At the beginning of the year, we sent out to each member a missionary calendar, giving place of meeting, topic, and name of leader, for each month. This has been very helpful in many ways. We seldom fail to have a large attendance and an interesting meeting, as special pains are taken beforehand for preparation. Every meeting is reported in the *Messenger*, by some one appointed each month, by the society. We have an occasional meeting each year to which we invite the men, and some of them are now honorary members (taxation without representation). Some of the young ladies are interested in our W. M. S., but most of them are connected with the C. E. Society and are already giving systematically, according to the card plan, for both home and foreign missions. (By the way, our C. E. Society is a live society.) Our thank-offering meetings are held in the church, each year, and are very helpful and interesting. Our Junior Missionary Society has been busy, during the summer vacation, dressing dolls, furnished by the W. M. S., and making scrap picture books for a box we have just filled with various things, and sent to Mrs. Ager for her work in India. Seven of our junior

missionary girls were received into the church, in the early summer. We trust they may always have the earnest, missionary spirit. Our last monthly meeting was devoted to the Cradle-Roll department, lately organized. All the mothers and their little ones, beside several others, were especially invited; but on account of the severe rain storm many could not come. A goodly company, however, was present, and an excellent program carried out; after which light refreshments were served. We now have fifteen Little Light-Bearers. The missionary spirit is growing in the different associations of General Baptists. Here and there a church is talking of organizing a missionary society. We feel very hopeful. In May the Oakland City missionary society sent \$25 towards Brother Ager's support, and \$3 for the famine fund. We hope to do more in the near future. Ten copies of the *HELPER* are taken here.

Yours in His name,

(MRS.) ELLA WADE DRAKE.

ILLINOIS.—The Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society met with Central Illinois Y. M. which convened at Christopher, Oct. 2-7. For the lack of a program we did not have our usual public service. How I missed Sister McBride at this moment. May God bless her. At the appointed time we retired to the home of Sister E. Jones, for our business meeting. Owing to the absence of our president, Sister Jennie Rice presided. After Scriptural reading and chain of prayers we elected officers, as follows: President, Sister Hattie Gordon, Campbell Hill; treasurer, Sister Jennie Rice, Tamaroa; organizer, Sister Ora E. Rogers, Fairfield; secretary, M. E. Allen, Murphysboro. We pledged \$15 for the support of one of India's widows. O that we could do more for the Master! is our prayer.

M. E. ALLEN, *Y. M. Sec.*

CRADLE-ROLL SECRETARY.

THE secretary of the Cradle-Roll has been changed, due to the ill health of Mrs. Roberts, who has been relieved of work for one year. So all communications for Cradle-Roll work should be sent, for the coming year, to Mrs. Ada George, Pittsfield, Me.

ALL good work is a delight to him who does it. The student must love his science or his work will be a failure. Common capacity with great love will do better work than great capacity and little love. The superior teacher is the one who can wake up the most love for study in the pupil. Love fixes the attention, strengthens the memory, and gives power to the words. Work, when loved, passes from a drudgery to a luxury. . . . Sometimes duty will be the law which holds a man to his work, and when love has become cold then let duty be the power; but when duty melts into love, then work becomes a joy.—*Rev. S. Baker.*

Our JUNIORS.

"When every little hand
Shall sow the Gospel seed,
And every little heart
Shall pray for those in need,

"When every little life
Such fair, bright record shows,
Then shall the desert bud
And blossom like the rose."

A MISSION BAND SONG.

SING a song of children,
Happy as can be,
Working for the missionaries
Over 'cross the sea ;
Yes, and for the wee ones
Unloved and alone,
Who are bowing down to idols
Made of wood and stone.
Sing about the mission bands,
O let your voices ring !
For little hands and hearts are joined
In service to our King.

—B. A. K., in *Heathen Children's Friend*.

MY FIRST TEN CENTS.*

BY REV. M. J. COLDREN.

It has been now over forty years, and I may not remember all of the details perfectly, but the main features are quite plain yet. I had worked for my brother-in-law and earned my first ten cents. It was in silver, bright and new. I was proud of it ; in fact, so proud that I took it to church with me to show to the boys. Of all the days to take money to church that was the most unlucky, for it so happened that there was a returned missionary there, and he was a speaker. He told the sad state of the heathen in such a way as would move the hardest heart, and after he got my young heart all stirred up (just as I expected he would) he said, "Now, friends, we are to have a collection to send Bibles to the heathen. Perhaps there is some boy here who has just ten cents. (How did he know I had ten cents?) He gives that ten cents to-day. It will buy a Testament, and that Testament will convert ten heathen ; those ten will each con-

* DEAR JUNIORS: Your missionary, Miss Barnes, heard Mr. Coldren tell this story of his first ten cents. She felt sure that you would like to hear it, so she asked him to write it for you. She says, "To hear Mr. Coldren tell it, his face all sunshine, is very interesting, and I trust the story will be a help to some one who may read it in the HELPER."—THE EDITOR.

vert ten more, and so on ; so that when that boy gets up to heaven he will find thousands there as the fruit of that ten cents."

My, how my heart did leap with joy that I had ten cents at that very moment to give ! I was really happy in the thought ; but the devil said, " Now don't be in too big a hurry ; don't you know there is to be a show at the school-house and the admission is ten cents ? " My missionary zeal was checked, and like many an older person, I began to look to home interests first. My better nature pleaded for the heathen abroad, my selfish nature pleaded for the heathen at home, and while the contribution box was coming down the aisle, I suppose I changed my mind at least ten times, saying, " Yes, I will give it," and, " No, I can't." Oh, such a battle as I did fight ! But just at the supreme moment, as the box was in front of me, I rose to the occasion, my better nature triumphed. I said, " Yes, Lord, here it is," and I put it in with a boy's prayer to a boy's Saviour, to follow a boy's first ten cents with such a blessing that some poor soul might be saved by it, and I am not at all sure but *I was the heathen it was intended to save*. I do know that that day's experience has affected my whole Christian life.

But how about the show ? The other boys were going by to attend it. I stood on the veranda looking that way, but with not a cent to go with. At this moment my father came out and asked, " Are you going to the show ? " I said no, I thought I wouldn't.

" Have you got any money ? "

" No, I gave all I had to that missionary."

" Take this, and go," he said, giving me fifty cents.

Ten cents on the way to the heathen, I on my way to the show, and forty cents in hand. Lesson number two—God always repays those who give in the spirit I gave that ten cents.

My father probably never knew why he gave me that fifty cents, for he was not a man to throw out his money like that, especially to his boys ; but God was teaching me a life lesson which I have never forgotten.

Although at two different times in my life God has called on me to give for his cause all I possessed of this world's goods, I could do it without any worry, because I knew he cared for those who were not afraid to trust him. My only wish, in writing this story of my first ten cents, is that it may be used of God to help some poor soul to a broader benevolence.

Chandbali, India.

" How can I expand my chest ? " asked a stingy fellow of a physician. " By carrying a larger heart in it," the doctor replied.

"GOOD-DAY" IN PERSIA.

WITH his hand on his heart, the polite Persian neighbor
 His body inclines with the lightest of labor,
 The greater his friends,
 The lower he bends,
 And "Peace be upon you!" the blessing he sends.

—Selected.

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*Receipts for September, 1900.***MAINE.**

Brewer for kindergarten	\$10.00
Biddeford aux.	15.00
Casco Union aux. for Miss Coombs	5.00
Charleston aux.	3.50
Dover and Foxcroft aux.	4.50
Dover Miss Mary Keen for famine children	1.00
Dover and Foxcroft Cradle-Roll	5.30
E. Otisfield Q. M. coll.	3.75
Ellsworth Q. M. F. M. "Miss Carrie"	6.25
Lewiston Mrs. Emily Taylor annual dues	1.00
Lewiston Bates College support of two India girls	10.00
Milo aux.	1.25
Phillips aux. for Bible woman with Miss Coombs	20.00
Sebec Q. M. coll.	6.44
So. Gorham ladies for S. O.	1.00
Sprague's Mills S. S. for "Elloise" in S. O.	25.00
Springfield Q. M. aux. for Miss Coombs	4.00
Topsham aux. for support of Priscilla Purinton in S. O.	25.00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Alton aux. for famine child in S. O.	6.00
Bristol aux. support of Indian child	6.25
Dover Hills H. and F. Miss. Soc. for Julia Letts	12.50
Gilford Village aux. for Miss Butts	6.75
Laconia aux.	3.15
New Hampton aux. for Miss Butts	7.00
Wentworth Q. M. coll. 1-2 H. M. 1-2 F. M.	6.50
Wolfboro 1st ch. aux.	5.00

VERMONT.

W. Topsham ch. and W. M. S. for Dr. Shirley Smith	11.15
Yearly Meeting coll. of Vermont W. M. S. for Dr. Smith	10.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury Mrs. L. R. Moulton dues	1.00
Amesbury Mrs. C. M. Lamprey dues	1.00
Lowell Chelmsford St. aux. for native teacher	6.25
Lowell Paige St. ch. Little Light-Bearers	1.20

RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket T. O. from Cradle-Roll	\$0.79
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NEW YORK.

Central New York Y. M. support of native teacher	3.00
Gibson Q. M. W. M. S. support of native teacher	4.00

OHIO.

So. Ridge church aux.	2.50
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MICHIGAN.

Dover Miss. Band for Miss Barnes	4.00
Kingston juniors for Miss Barnes	4.00

KANSAS.

Horton ch. Junior C. E. Miss Barnes	1.00
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NEBRASKA.

Y. M. and Lincoln W. M. Societies for Miss Moody as Western agent	8.40
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SOUTH DAKOTA.

Sioux Falls F. E. Davison enrollment of Ruth Davison15
Sioux Falls aux. for Suli in S. O.	4.00
Valley Springs aux. for native teacher	4.00

CALIFORNIA.

Wheatland Mrs. E. T. Major for support of Donald Major	10.00
Wheatland Mrs. E. T. Major for orphan with Mrs. Burkholder	2.00

NOVA SCOTIA.

Tusket a friend for S. O.	100.00
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Total \$379.48

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Ocean Park, Me.

per EDYTH R. PORTER, *Asst. Treas.*

CORRECTION.—Credit to finance committee of Rhode Island in August receipts, should have been to the W. M. S. of Rhode Island District.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine.

